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BURYING THE HATCHET.

A THRILLING WAR DRAMA.

—) DEDICATED TO THE (—

❖ 100TH ILLINOIS REGIMENT. ❖

BY MAJOR GEORGE SPERRY.

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1886.

DRAMA.

BURYING THE HATCHET,

—OR—

THE VETERAN'S DAUGHTER.

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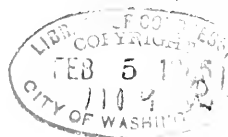
100TH ILLINOIS REGIMENT

BY THE AUTHOR.

This Drama is based on facts which have come to the Author at different times, covering a period of forty years; to-wit:— from 1845 to the present time.

GEORGE SPERRY, AUTHOR.

PHOENIX PRINTING HOUSE, Lockport, Ill.



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INTRODUCTION.

SYNOPSIS.

The opening scene is upon the banks of the Ohio river near Cincinnati, sixteen years before the war of the Rebellion, to wit 1845. Donald Grovenor, (the son of a Louisiana planter,) steals the (white) child of his former lady love, Lillian Ludlow, now wife of Gerald Hamilton. He takes her to one Baxter who keeps a slave pen on the Mississippi; bargains that she should be sold to his friend, George Singleton, who has an infant daughter and who wishes to have a companion near her own age. This arrangement is perfected. Both girls are educated and taught such accomplishments as are fitting for the highest places in refined society. The child is named Geraldine; she has always supposed herself to be Geo. Singleton's own daughter. Geo. S. has always treated her as such, showing no partiality to either. The Hamiltons go north and locate near Elgin, Ill. Gerald Hamilton, the father of little Lillian (stolen child) dies soon after their removal north. The son, Gerald Hamilton, of the play, is seventeen years of age when he enlists in the war. Harry Clayton, a young man of wealth and good family, lost his parents in infancy and has spent much of his time with the Hamiltons and looks upon Mrs. Hamilton more as a mother than anything else. The boys know the story of little Lillian and are deeply interested therein. The war breaks out. They enlist in the 100th Illinois Regiment and become acquainted with the Misses Singleton through the medium of the colored girl, Dusky. They notice the wonderful resemblance between Geraldine Singleton and Mrs. Hamilton. Jed, the yankee, sent down with the boys from the north for the especial purpose of tracing the child if possible, finds a clew and runs the game to earth. The remainder of the plot will be understood as the play goes on.

THE AUTHOR.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DONALD GROVENOR, *Lover of Lillian Ludlow.*
HARRY CLAYTON, } *Schoolmates.*
GERALD HAMILTON, }
GERALD HAMILTON, SR., *Husband of Lillian Ludlow.*
GEORGE SINGLETON, } *Southern Planters,*
HAROLD SINGLETON, }
JEDADIAH JOHNSON, *Yankee.*
BURT HAWKINS, *Negro catcher.*
FRANK SINGLETON, *Son of Harold Singleton.*
GERALDINE SINGLETON, } *Same.*
LILLIAN HAMILTON, }
BEATRICE SINGLETON, *Sister of Geraldine.*
LILLIAN HAMILTON, *Mother of Children.*
SAMANTHA STEWART, *Daughter of Mrs. Hamilton's neighbor.*
ELLA REYNOLDS, *Adopted daughter of Mrs. Hamilton.*
OFFICERS, SOLDIERS, ETC.

BURYING THE HATCHET.

—OR—

THE VETERAN'S DAUGHTER.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

Characters in Panorama pass over the Stage.

1. Donald Grovenor, Louisiana planter.
2. Little Lillian Hamilton, (stolen child) carrying basket of flowers.
3. Burt Hawkins and blood hound, (slave catcher.)
4. Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Hamilton (parents of child.)
5. Young Ladies.
6. Gen. Rosecrans and Staff.
7. One Hundredth Regiment, Col. Bartleson.
8. Confederate Officers and Soldiers, Gen. Singleton commanding.
9. Beatrice and Geraldine Singleton, the latter now seventeen years of age.
10. Dusky, slave girl.
11. Daughter of Veteran and Flag Brigade.
12. Frank Singleton, son of Confederate officer.
13. Jed Johnson, Yankee.

ACT I. SCENE II.

Barks Ohio, before Lullow's mansion. [Enter Donald Grovenor dressed as an artist.]

GROV. So, after five years of wanderings and battle, the banished has returned to the place whence he received his banishment. The hero of Chapultepec, the leader of the forlorn hope at Molino del Ray, the "desperate Americano" who planted the Stars and Stripes on the bastion of Vera Cruz, bidding death welcome—nay, seeking it as a relief; seeing it ever before his eyes, but continually beyond his reach—is masquerading with an artists' pencil, before the house of the only woman he ever loved—before the house of her, from whom he received his first lessons of love, and whose single word, sent him forth into a struggling world. An outcast from an anticipated Paradise. A Paradise long hoped for and fondly dwelt upon, into the darkest depths of a blank despair. Vainly; oh how vainly, I have striven with this mighty yearning to possess, none can tell, for

Wearisomely, wearisomely,
The slow hours pass on.
Darksomely, darksomely---
Would! that they were gone.
When the morning sun awakes me,
When the hour of the night o'ertakes me,
When at length the day forsakes me,
And its restless work is done,
Then the thought will flit before me,
As the morrow's pain;
Heart sick then I ask---
When, when will it be gone?

Restlessly, restlessly,
The hours of grief pass on.
Heavily, heavily,
Pass they by, and they are gone
As the restless, eddying, spray,
Whirled upon its path away,
Brightened by no sunny ray,
So pass they on.
As a long, long, dreary night,
Or a weary day, in the hateful dungeon's light,

So pass the latter by,
Would that they were gone !

Yes ! would that they were gone ! When Donald Grovenor woos the Muse in sadness, it is indeed a dark day (and night too for that matter). I seem to possess two selves. My will, my better and redeeming self, would take me to the shady walks and rose covered arbors of Grovenor Villa, in my native state of Louisiana. To the baronial like halls of my father, now, alas ! insipid because of their beauty and dreamy associations; for the very limit of my hopes, the summ't of my desire, was to share them with sweet Lillian Ludlow as my wife. Now, another, Gerald Hamilton, basks in the sunlight of that joy, and drinks of that cup which has passed my lips forever. Ah !

[Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Hamilton pass over the front part of the stage, Grovenor stepping to the rear left hand entrance looks on shading his eyes with his arm. Their little daughter Lillian follows with basket of flowers, which she empties on the middle front of stage and sits down by them. Mrs. H. and her husband return to where their child is playing with flowers.]

Mrs. H.—Oh, Gerald ! I cannot tell why ; but there is a shadow of life, ever with me. I fear it is portentous of some coming sorrow.

Mr. H.—Now, dear wife, forget it. Remember only the great happiness which has thus far been ours. You, have your Gerald, I, my Lillian, and both, our sweet rose bud, our darling little Lillian. Heaven bless her sunny little heart !

[Both then turn and look at her.]

But come, let us go into the fruit garden, the birds are destroying all the cherries. I must shoot some of them for an example to the rest.

[Pass out on right of stage. Grovenor advances to where the child is sitting and she hastily rises and steps back. Grovenor stoops, picks up a flower and says it is pretty.]

GROV.—What is my little lady's name ?

LILLY.—My name is Lilly Hamilton.

[Picks up a flower and gives him.]

Won't you go up to the house ?

GROV.—No, my little Lillian. I make pictures. See ! Here is one for papa and mamma.

LILLY—Oh, pretty! I must go now!

[Goes out on right. Grovenor stepping to front.]

GROV.—Heavens! Can I never strangle this burning heart-ache of mine? Just the same as before my banishment, only more divinely perfect! The same, only developed into a nobler womanhood, into the sweet joy of a mother love. And the sweet baby life that has been given them, will carry the blending seal of both their images and be, if possible, more perfect than either. This is maddening! Why should I, alone, live on, with this dagger point in my heart. Why should I starve, for that of which they have a surfeit. [Stops. Starts.]

Hold, Donald Grovenor! Villain! What dark thoughts are canvassing your mad brain for supremacy? A Grovenor, my mother's son and father's heir to all the broad lands of Grovenor Place, a scheming villain! Plotting to rob a mother of her child! and then transfer his affections to the daughter! [Walks back and forth.] [Stop.] Why not! They have each other. I have nothing. They live in perpetual sunshine; I in the gloom of a fiery tempest. I had ambitions which but for her would have been realized, yet I do not blame her! Else, Donald Grovenor, would not be himself. Else he would have taken some other dove to his "nest of down." I will not live always thus. The die is cast. I will win Lillian Hamilton's daughter to be my wife. If to do this is to be a villain then I am a villain. I will steal her, it is true, but she shall fall into the lap of luxury, and be educated as becomes the rank and station of a Southern planter's daughter.

[Enter Burt Hawkins, slave catcher.]

GROV.—Who are you, prowler?

HAWK.—Why! Mr. Grovenor you orter know me.

GROV.—Yes, I do know you now: a miserable, contemptible, vile, rascally thief. (Aside.) From all the liveried ranks of Satan, I could not have found a more fitting tool for my villainous purpose.

HAWK.—What's up?

GROV.—I want to buy you; body and soul! What's your price?

HAWK.—What do yer want me to do?"

GROV.—None of your business. What are you doing here?

HAWK.—Looking fur niggers! House up yonder on the bank is a post of the underground railroad.

GROV.—You haven't answered my question? What's your price?

HAWK.—Couldn't tell till I know yer game. I want ter see the keerds.

GROV.—I want your assistance in stealing a child.

HAWK.—I'll help steal a nigger for \$50.

GROV.—It's no negro, but a white child!

HAWK.—Whose?

GROV.—Gerald Hamilton's!

HAWK.—That'd be a mighty onsartain job, besides bein' mighty dangerous too. Gel Hamilton's a dead shot! He's got Old Kaintuck blood in his veins. Where am I to take the gal?"

GROV.—You, you sneak! You touch Lillian Ludlow's child! If you dare lay your slimy hand on her dainty dress, I'll brain you on the spot. I'll do the stealing. I'll be the greater villain. All I want of you is to get the boat from the boat house on the lower bank, then row! row! row! until your sinews snap. Now what's your price?

HAWK.—Five hundred dollars.

GROV.—I'll give you a thousand, five hundred as soon as the work is completed, and five hundred in three months, provided you keep silent.

HAWK.—How much to bind the bargain.

GROV.—Here's twenty dollars in gold.

HAWK.—Done! Now tell me just what you want me to do?

GROV.—I want you to be ready and near the boat-house until I give the signal, file the chain so you can easily break it, then row straight to the mouth of the little creek you see there, on the Kentucky shore, run your boat ashore and take to the hills. I'll follow up the creek leaving no trace behind.

HAWK.—When will this be done,

GROV.—Perhaps tomorrow, perhaps the day after, but be ready for the signal.

HAWK.—I'll live up to my part, never fear. (Aside) A thousand dollars! More money than this sinner could earn catching niggers in a year.

GROV.—Enough! Go! So Donald Grovenor, you have summed up in *one*, the direst villiany on the records of the infernal pit. You have donned the regalia of the very master spirit of infamy! *And I will be successful or die in the attempt!* [Curtain falls.]

ACT. I.—SCENE III.

[Garden in front of house; child playing. Enter from rear left hand entrance Donald Grovenor, advances quickly to rear right hand entrance and flutters handkerchief as signal, he then steps quickly to the side of child, takes her up in his arms, caressing her and telling her not to be afraid he will show her his boat on the river. (Aside) "Now, may God forgive me, for I can never forgive myself." Passes out with the child who screams frantically when she sees she is being taken from home; as her screams die away her mother enters from the left side looking for her.]

Mrs. H.—[Calling softly.] Lillian! Lillian! [getting no reply calls louder] Lillian! Lillian! [then frantically] Lillian! Lillian! my child! [Still getting no reply, she bursts out with] Oh, God! has anything happened to my little darling? [Then rushing to the rear right entrance looks out and sees a boat.] A boat is crossing the river; my child is in it, stretching out her arms to— to her mother. [Puts her hand to her head] Oh, God! Oh, my Father in heaven help! [Then rushing to the left entrance calls in agony] Oh, Gerald! Gerald! In heaven's name, come quickly! [Enter Mr. H. gun over shoulder.]

Mr. H. Lillian, what in the world is the trouble!

Mrs. H.—Oh, Gerald! our darling Lillian, has been kidnapped. See they are taking her to the Kentucky shore,

Mr. M.—Heaven help! [Throws his gun to his eye and aims at the boat. Mrs. H. springs forward and stops his fire.]

Mrs. H.—Gerald, do not fire! our child! [Mr. H. throws down the gun and rushes out saying as he goes "Call William and Charles; they're back of the house."]

[Mrs. H. looking out sees only a boat at the lower landing and calls] Gerald, go to the lower landing! [Then rushing to the left calls] Charles! William!

CHAS. AND WILL.—What is the matter Mrs. Hamilton?

Mrs. H.—Go to Mr. Hamilton's assistance; our child has been stolen! Fly! Fly! [catching hold of them] Mr. Hamilton has plunged into the water, he will be drowned! Oh, go! To the lower landing! To the lower landing! [Exit Chas. and Will.]

Mrs. H.—Oh! God have mercy! husband and child, both gone in a moment, one drowned perhaps, and the other, carried into slavery. Heaven pity, pity me. [Falls on couch in swoon]
[Curtain falls.]

THE VETERAN'S DAUGHTER.

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ACT I.—SCENE IV.

[Mrs. Hamilton still lying in swoon.]

[Mr. Hamilton heard running at side entrance; servant standing just inside room.]

MR. H.—Betty, where is your mistress?

BERRY,—She is in a swoon, sir, I cannot waken her.

[Enter Mr. Hamilton, clothes torn, face bloody, kneels beside his wife.] Lillian! Lillian! Oh! God, will she never waken! Lillian, my wife, my cherished one!

Mrs. H. [opens her eyes.] Gerald, you! are alive. Thank Go! One at least is saved to me.

MR. H.—My poor wife compose yourself; we will surely find our little one. Do try to be calm. I will offer my whole property in rewards but I will find her; take heart, dear one.

Mrs. H.—[Seeing blood on his face.] Oh, Gerald! You are hurt, you are bleeding—your face. Oh! and I lying here while you die. Forgive me, Gerald!

MR. H.—It is nothing; a few scratches received amongst the thorns on the Kentucky shore. Don't mind me.

Mrs. H.—Let us go into the house where you can have necessary attention. [Curtain falls; rises on same place; friends and neighbor.]

ACT I.—SCENE V.

Mrs. H.—My friends, I thank you for your sympathy and words of cheer; I have not yet given up hope, although a month has elapsed since our child was stolen from us. I wish now to register a vow against the institution of human slavery; from this time I will leave no stone unturned that I may hurl against it. From to-day, I declare for agitation until the accursed institution is driven forever from the utmost confines of our fair land.

ACT I. SCENE VI.

Wood scene. Song, Slave Mother's Lament. Time, Twilight; light dim. An octoroon in loose flowing robe—a la Grecian—with hands clasped, sings

Gone, gone—sold and gone,
To the rice swamp dank and lone,
Where the slave-whip ceaseless swings,
Where the noisome insect stings,
Where the fever demon strews
Poison with the falling dews,

Where the sickly sunbeams glare
 Through the hot and misty air,—
 Gone; gone! Sold and gone
 To the rice swamp dank and lone,
 From Virginia's hills and waters.
 Woe is me, my stolen daughters!
 Gone, gone—sold and gone,
 To the rice-swamp dank and lone,
 There no mother's eye is near them,
 There no mother's ear can hear them;
 Never when the torturing lash
 Seams their back with many a gash,
 Shall a mother's kindness bless them,
 Or a mother's arms caress them.
 Gone, gone—sold and gone,
 To the rice-swamp dank and lone,
 From Virginia's hills and waters,—
 Woe is me my stolen daughters!

ACT I. Scene VII.

[Sixteen years later. Mansion place near Nashville, Tenn. Parlor at Gen. Singleton's. The Misses Geraldine (stolen child) and Beatrice Singleton, discovered walking—arms about each other's waists]

BEATRICE. My dear sister, will you not tell me, why you should call out so loudly as to awaken me, and bring me to your bedside?

GERALD. What did I say, dear sister mine?

BE. You said, Mamma, Mamma; Oh! my beautiful mamma.

GER. Oh, Beatrice! Such a beautiful dream, and yet; so sad!

BE. Will you not tell it to me that I may joy or sorrow with you?

GER. It seems almost too sacred to breathe to another; and yet, why may I not share it with a dear sister-- with the sweetest boon God has given me.

BE. Oh, Gerry; my sister. How I love you! It almost seems as though our mothers could not have been the same.

GER. Nay; nay; do not deprive me of the sweet joy that comes with that endearing title, sister. In my dream I seemed to be transported to a beautiful spot beside a wide river. There

were walks, parterres of flowers, winding avenues and seats in cool shady nooks. And, Oh; my sister! as I was reclining on a couch in an arbor covered with sweet scented flowers and trailing vines, a beautiful woman with the sweetest, sadest, tenderest look in her glorious eyes, bent over and kissed me. And midst a shower of tears called me her child; her blessed, blessed, lost baby daughter. It seems as if the lady of my visions was my very counterpart. I awoke, calling as you heard, "Mamma! Mamma! My beautiful mamma." Oh, it was so sad, and yet so sweet!

[Both ladies weep; Beatrice putting her arms about her sister, they turn, each half facing the audience and after a little]

GER.—Is it not a strange coincidence; often when I close my eyes, I can see the same scene, but it is always in the long past.

BEA.—It is indeed strange, I will speak to papa about it when he returns. [Exit Geraldine, enter Mr. Singleton.]

BEA.—Oh! father, how glad I am to see you; we wanted you home so much. You have been away ever and ever so much; I hope the politicians wont have any more conferences.

MR. S.—So do I my darling daughter, at least, not for the present; I love my home and children too much for that; but where is your sister, our peerless Gerry.

BEA.—Oh! my father; I wanted to speak to you alone about Gerry.

MR. S.—Why, why, has anything happened your sister?

BEA. Oh, papa! she has had such a sad, beautiful dream.

MR. S. And you, you have been crying in sympathy?

BEA. I could not help it.

MR. S. Will my daughter tell the dream? May she do so without marring my confidence your sister may have imposed?

BEA. Yes, I think I may do so, although it seems very sacred to her.

MR. S. I am listening my daughter.

BEA. Last night I was awakened by hearing her call out in beseeching tones, "Oh, mamma! My beautiful mamma!"

MR. S. Ah!

BEA. Yes, I ran into the room and she was whispering the words so sadly, "My mother, oh, my mother!" She was weeping and I could not articulate, so I put my arms about her and bade her lie down. She who was wont to be so strong and

self-reliant, was weak as a child; I did not leave her during the night; she needed *me* this time. Oh, papa! what does it mean?

MR. S.—Did she tell you her dream?

BEA.—Not until this morning, when she said she seemed to be transported to a beautiful spot beside a wide river and in a bower, covered with vine and flowers she beheld (in her vision) a beautiful woman the very image of herself bending over and caressing her, who called her, her dear lost baby daughter. Oh, father! what can it mean? She says she can close her eyes at any time and see the place by the river but it seems always in the far past.

MR. S.—I am sure I cannot understand it any better than can you, her sister. We all have our dreams, and your sister is no exception. [Enter Dusky.]

DUSKY.—Lor bress my soul, Marse Singleton, when'd you rive; nobody nose nuffin bout it in dis yer house. De niggers is lazin' roun', an' I no da don't no; kase if da did da'd be tendin' to bizness more stricter I reckon. Da'se a good fur nuthin' lazy set, dem plantation niggers.

MR. S.—Well Dusky, we'll look after them by and by, but where is your young Mistress, Miss Geraldine?

DUSKY.—Why bress her dear, she's just stannin' round, doin' nuffin, only lookin' off on de hills and drawin' long breffs, an' soubbin' sof like all to herself; pears like she done loss her mudder.

MR. S.—Well Dusky, you may tell your young mistress I am home, nothing more.

DUSKY.—Yes, Marse.

MR. S.—I think Beatrice it will be best to say nothing to your sister about the dream, unless she speaks of it herself.

BEA.—But papa, Gerry is my own sister is she not?

MR. S.—Why ye—yes. What put that foolish notion into your head?

BEA.—I don't know, I love her too dearly to lose her now.

MR. S.—Hush! hush! she is coming.

[Enter Geraldine.]

GER.—Papa, why did not some one tell me you were come? [Embrace.]

MR. S.—Why, Gerry, I have but just arrived.

GER.—And I not here to greet you! Too bad isn't it?

MR. S.—I have letters for both you and Beatrice. [Gives

letters.] I have some news which I think will please you. You remember the beautiful horses which you rode last summer while at Grovenor Villa, Louisiana?

BOTH GIRLS.—Yes, yes.

MR. S.—Well, Mr. Grovenor has sent them up in advance of himself as presents to you and Beatrice. They are already in Nashville. Mr. Grovenor will be here to-morrow.

BEA.—Oh, that's very kind of him!

GER.—Yes, I trust I am sufficiently grateful. Do you know, papa, there is something about Mr. Grovenor, that makes me shiver! I can't understand why? He's courteous, pleasant, and very instructive and entertaining in conversation.

MR. S.—Well, Gerry, I think under the circumstances I would try and make it as pleasant for him while here and in the vicinity as possible. It is quite probable we may have a war on hand soon and the more friends and protectors we have the better.

GER. I don't understand!

MR. S. The probabilities are that Lincoln will be elected. If he is, the South will secede.

GER. Secede! Secede from what?

MR. S. The Union.

GER. What! Strike at the old flag? Papa, you cannot mean it!

MR. S. Why, Gerry; what would you have us do: submit to an abolition government?

GER. But how can you help yourselves. They are only doing what you are trying to do, elect one of their own choice; besides, if you enter the lists, will you be successful? If not, you will be a thousand times worse off than you now are.

BEA. The people here generally think the northern people are cowardly and will not fight. Mr. Courtney says the most they care for is money.

GER. Judging from the men from the north I saw in Washington last summer, I should think they would compare favorably with the very best of the South.

MR. S. Well, Gerry, I do not disagree with you, but let us do that which we can all agree upon. I think it is near the dinner hour. Good bye until then.

ACT I. SCENE VIII.

(Same place. Discovers Geraldine and Beatrice seated. Enter Grovenor.)

B. and G. Welcome Mr. Grovenor.

(All shake hands.)

GER.—I hope everything is as pleasant at Grovenor Villa as when we were there last Summer?

GROV.—Yes, everything is the same, except the presence of the twin divinities whom I was so fortunate as to entertain. It has grown so stupid there since as to be unbearable, so I came away.

GER. Oh! there should be plenty of ladies in Louisiana to give inspiration to such a paradise.

GROV. I entertain no ladies at Grovenor.

GER. There you do very wrong, but please accept our thanks for your splendid present.

GROV. If they are accepted in the same spirit in which they are given I shall feel honored.

GER. Oh! Mr. Grovenor, I think our Beatrice has been gathering inspiration from the visits of the gallant Courtney.

GROV. Allow me to congratulate you, Miss Beatrice.

BEA. You need not, as his attentions were all addressed to my sister.

GER. That may be partially true, but as I am not at all susceptible, and do not believe in self abnegation, I need no congratulations, as I have not seen the coming man.

GROV. But the coming man will probably prove a self abnegator, and give every thought into your keeping.

GER. I cannot say, but as long as I hold the memory of my mother so sacred as I now do none other can displace it. Excuse me, Mr. Grovenor, we will dress for a horse back ride on the new horses. [Exit.]

GROV. [Solus] The second Lillian is, if possible, more beautiful than the first. She is of a grander and nobler type, blending the graces of the mother with the strong manly character of the father. She evidently avoids me; my time will come, however; the war clouds are gathering and soon the tempest in its wrath will burst over this devoted southern paradise. I then will be her only protector. If that does not suffice I'll play my last card and tell her she is a slave, bought in the mar-

ket, but I love her still and will make her my wife. If she rejects my last offer, then welcome the front rank of battle. [I have already made my will giving her everything I possess.] [Exit. Curtain falls.] [End of Act I]

ACT II. Scene I.

[Elgin, northern Illinois. Mrs. Hamilton's house. Parlor scene. Curtain rises discovering Mrs. Hamilton watching four young ladies waltzing. Enter Jedediah Johnson (Yankee) girls stop waltzing and rush to Jed, claiming first dance.]

JED. Wal, yes, gals. I'll gest du that thing, though I'm agin dancin on fust principles. Now look a'here Aunt Lillian, is Samantha come yit?

MRS. H. No, cousin, I'm not expecting her for some time.

JED. Coz, if she was, I could'nt du it, not by a hornful! You see Samantha belongs to the meetin house, and I'm kind a hangin round, expectin to jine, when things is all strait between me and her. The fact is, I'm kinder fraid of Samantha. I think she's a leetle the cleanest grained piece of human ointment a feller ever clung tu. That lout of a Sam Jones is gettin awful sweet on her, and by and by it'll be some other feller. No close quarters, at least when there's any danger. Now, Aunt Lillian, you gist keep your ears open, and the minit you hear the door squeak, you sing out. Gals, is the curtains all drawn shet?

GIRLS. Yes, yes of course they are Jed!

JED. Now, whose for who? (Raises his arm, girls all rush up again)

JED. Now hold on (holds them off) pears like a pairin bee, rushin on a feller so.

[Music starts up. Jed. waltzes around with one, seizes another and goes half way round, when he suddenly leaves his partner, rushes to a seat, throws one leg over the other and looks as sober as a judge. Girls rush over to him and commence fanning, asking him if he has a spasm of the heart]

JED. I thought I heard the door squeak, did'nt you Aunt Lillian?

ELLA REYNOLDS. Jed., I'm not going to be beat out of my waltz. To think of your being frightened out of your wits on account of little Samantha Stewart.

JED. Wal, Miss Ella, I don't feel like losin the fun of that

waltzin myself. Waltzin is my master piece, when a feller aint in any danger. I'm awful sorry to hurt your tender feelins. Gals is made of kinder thin stuff, anyhow. They go into flashes like one of them locofoco matches when its struck agin anything. Go on with your fiddlin Mr. Musicianer, while we trip the fantastical toes [Music strikes up and he goes round with first one and then another, until the last, when Samantha comes in quietly, and stands looking on until Jed. comes round opposite her, when she lays her hand on his arm and says:]

SAM. Jedadiah Johnson?

JED. [Jumping back.] Jehosophat and Sinacharib! Why Samantha! Aunt Lillian, I didn't hear no door squeak. Say Samantha! Now don't! Your just as pretty as a peach; aint she aunt? There aint a gal in this room, no, nor in the kounty, can hold a candle to you, there aint!

SAM. Jedadiah Johnson, what will the Church say?

JED. Church be——! Say Samantha, the girls was fierce for dancing. I laid back as long as I could out'n respect fur you and the—a the Church. Now aint you satisfied! Haint I drawed a healin' balm over your wounded feelinks.

SAM. Jed adiah, the high moral standard of the Church frowns on these light frivolities.

JED. Why Samantha! if its wrong to dance, why is so much said about St. Anthony's dance. I reckon he was a clipper; now when a purty gal asks a feller tu dance, what is he goin tu du about it, Eh?

SAM. Jed, you seem to be wonderfully exercised in favor of pretty gils. You ran way down the lane from singing school the other night to carry a singing book to Ella Green, and left me standing on the church steps in the cold."

JED. Thunder! did you know about that? Why Ell said you went home with Sam Jones.

SAM. Well, I didn't nor did Sam go home with me; I'm a good mind to— (Jed breaks in.)

JED. Now hold on, Samantha; this jint debate's gettin most too public; I'll tell you what I'll du. If you quit, I'll jine any church you say, provided you belong to the some one.

[Enter Harry Clayton and Gerald Hamilton, carrying satchels. All stop talking and come forward to shake hands.

MRS. H. Oh, Gerald! Harry! how glad and sorry I am to see you! My mother heart tells me why you are here.

GERALD. Nay, mother dear, do not dampen the spirits of your company. You were always the bravest of us all. Keep a stout heart mother mine! [Gerald leaves his mother and joins the ladies to shake hands.]

JED. I'm glad you come when you did Gerald, you broke up a debate on Church and State 'tween Samantha and me.

Gerald. Indeed!

JED. Yes, but the debate's adjourned and I'm glad.

HARRY. My dear Mrs. Hamilton, I should be very sorry to see this pleasant company separate without their anticipated pleasure. I saw Mr. Jones hitching his horse as I came in; he will make just enough for a set. Will you honor me by dancing it with me. Your house more than any other has been my home, in childhood and manhood.

MRS. H. Yes, Harry, as you may suspect, my heart is not now in accord with festivity; I will not, however, dampen a single enjoyment of yours or Gerald's, you are nearly or quite as dear as he. [They form for the dance, Sam Jones selecting Samantha, who after some hesitation, looking at Jed, accepts; Jed selects a partner and says while passing Samantha:]

JED. 'Pears to me Samantha, you've slightly changed base on church dancing.

SAM. Bad example! A word to the wise. [Music starts up, Jed dancin' with most grace of any in the set, bowing low to Samantha whenever they meet and looking fierce at Jones. At the close of the set Jed and Jones see the ladies home who do not remain.]

MRS. H. Cousin Jed, please return as soon as possible, as I wish to consult you in a conference with Mr. Clayton and Gerald. [Exit Jones and Jed with ladies.]

HARRY. Now my more than mother, my savior I may say, for had it not been for you I would not now be alive to bless you, please do not let your tender feelings gain mastery over that grand character, which your patient, uncomplaining heart-suffering has developed; your surmises are correct; we have returned to do what we can to uphold the Flag, which in serried ranks, upon many a bloody field, the southern hosts are insulting. Gerald feels that he would be neither his father's nor his mother's son did he not strike, with whatever power he may possess, that institution under cover of which his mother's heart has been made desolate,

and his father stricken in the grave. I would not be less generous to my country's need than he. The best and truest hearts in the North and South are rushing to the conflict. They are under the blind delusion that their firesides and properties are in danger, we for the nobler purpose of maintaining the supremacy of a Union the grandest and noblest in purpose the world has ever known. Gerald feels that it is best that I should say this to you; he feels that under the great grief at parting which will be yours, he will give way. I have told you now, my dearest friend, why we are here. We have had stiff positions offered us, but as that would naturally separate us, we have enlisted as privates in the 100th Illinois infantry, Col. Fred Burtleson commanding, trusting to courage and devotion to find our need of reward. I will say farther that we purpose leaving on the day after to-morrow that we may reach the regiment the day of its departure from rendezvous at Joliet.

Mrs. H. Ah, my dear children, these are indeed terrible tidings; yet while my mother heart would say Nay, my country will as surely say Yea. The sacrifice is almost more than I can bear. Yet I *must* bear it. There is a single ray of light however, in all this grim darkness. Oh Harry! Gerald! find my Lillian! My darling daughter; she must now be a beautiful and noble woman. I feel that she is; I dream of her continually; I feel that some day you will meet her; then bring her, whatever she is, bring her back to the heart that has so long mourned for her.

GERALD. Dear mother, this is one of the very inducements to our sudden leaving college to go south. We have both felt that under these circumstances our duty was imperative. [Enter Jed.]

JED. Well folkses, what was the natur of the confab we was to hev?

Mrs. H. Sit down here, cousin, and I will explain. I knew when Harry and Gerald entered unheralded that they were going to the war.

JED. Wal I spected so tu.

Mrs. H. Now I want you to go also, not as a soldier, but to search and search, to inquire and inquire; to follow up every trace until you find my lost Lillian. I will be to all the expense. I will obtain letters for you to Gen's Grant and Rosecrans, and

any others which you may need, and when you return, the farm on which you now are, shall be your own.

JED. I'm just the chap to do it. How about Samantha and my jinin the church.

MRS. H. Oh, you can arrange that.

JED. All right, if Samantha is willin'.

SAM. Oh, Jed! Those villianous Bushwhackers will kill you.

JED. Nury a Bushwhacker! Don't you be afeard; I'll play them fellers a trick they never heard tell on!

SAM. Do be careful dear Jed.

JED. Golly, Samantha, say that again! I'd go through a Chicago fire like a salamunder, swim Lake Michigan or take any other hot or cold bath, to be called "dear Jed" by you, Samantha. I never see the dimples in your cheeks look half so pretty as they do now. Samantha, they're sweeter than—than chewing gum.

MRS. H. It is very late now my children and we surely must retire.

ACT II.—SCENE II.

[Enter Jed and Samantha only one chair on stage.]

SAM. Take a chair Jed!

JED. I don't see very much cheer here Samantha!

SAM. Why Jed, that chair will hold you.

JED. [Looking at Samantha] Why, Samantha, you don't mean it! I couldn't do it, no I couldn't; my heart is flumkin round now under my vest buttons, fit to split. Gracious, Samantha! git another cheer or I'll stand up.

SAM. Oh, Jed, you're a chicken!

JED. Well, I'll be a chicken if you say so; but this 'ere cheer [takes hold of chair] can't hold two and one of them Jed Johnson and tother the prettiest girl in Illinois. So, if it's all the same to you, Samantha, we'll leave that problem unsolved. It beats ped'lin' all out.

JED. Now let's come to the p'int. You know I'm going to the war for a certain purpose; when I come back solid and sound, chockful of news and fights and things, will you jine hands and—a and ever afterwards plod on together, say Samantha?

SAM. Yes, Jed, I will! I like you best of anybody in the whole world.

JED. Glory hallelujah! *E pluribus unum!* Now let the eagle scream, and careen, and soar, and cavort, and dig her heels

into the ground! I'm sound, for Samantha Stewart never goes back on her word. Hurrah! Jed your ship's got a big spread of canvas and ready for sailin'. [Jed stepping to the front and taking a roll of tissue paper from his pocket] See here Samantha I've got something here that'll make your eyes water. I kinder thought as how things'd go, so I sold a bag uv dried apples and a keg of apple sass, and scoured the city of Chicago, fur an engagement ring good enough for you. See here! [Takes out of half yard of tissue paper a brass ring weighing half an ounce.] Now Samantha, aint that a screamer!

SAM. Judging from appearances, I should say it was a screamer!

ACT II. SCENE III.

[Tableau. Goddess of Liberty in background; U. S. flag about her; olive branch extended to Confederates on left, scroll in right hand. Confederates point their arms in menace at the goddess and flag. Union soldiers on right, pointing guns at Confederates. Upon left side Misses Singleton, Dusky and Grovenor. Upon right other ladies. Flag brigade at present in centre.]

ACT III. SCENE I.

[Union army going through Kentucky. Soldiers on march, loaded down with blankets, bedquilts, books, pots, etc. etc. etc. They cross the stage go round back of scenes and recross limping, staggering, and all complaining of sore feet, etc., etc. Colonel gives the command "Halt! rest!" When the 100th Ill. rest, a representative each of the 26th Ohio, the 58th Indiana and the 13th Michigan comes up from the rear entrance of the stage and say all at once:]

26th. Hello, old Hundreth! Has the quartermaster issued you any cream for your coffee-pot?

58th. Have you drawn any butter for your hard tack?

13th. I say you 100th greenhorns, what's the matter with your toes? You walk as if you was treading on eggs.

58th. Yes they travel like grasshoppers and limp like lame spiders.

ALL TOGETHER. You ninnies! why don't you do as we do? Strip off all them extra traps. We can march 40 miles a day and not half try.

Hi LAWRENCE. Dry up, you pewter pot! You fellows look

like a lot of sand-hill cranes monkeying round on the prairie in the spring.

J. T. TAYLOR. Or a lot of picked ganders, gobblin to see who can make the most noise.

26th Ohio. Say, old Jack o' clubs—whatever become of that turkey you stowed away under your tent one night, and didn't find it in the mornin'.

JACK. You'll whistle out of the other side of your mouth before next spring. I'll steal you poorer than a settin' hen that's hatched four broods of chickens and not work very hard at that. Soldiers commence and unload, throwing away everything except what is necessary, then strap up ready for start. The command "fall in!" is given. "Forward!" and the boys jump up lively and go off stage cheering, laughing and dancing, leaving stage covered with books, blankets and every sort of traps imaginable. When the 100th has gone off stage the 58th, 26th and 13th strip off their old blankets, pick up new ones, and replenish themselves generally, and go off laughing about the Illinois greenhorns.]

26th Ohio. That Jack Mathews is the dangdest thief in the brigade; he can hear a rooster crow or a pig squeal further than any man livin'; and Bill Wardle and George Johnson aint far behind.

58th. We've got the bulge onem this time anyhow, but we've got to keep our eyes peeled after this. (Exit.) Enter Jed in rear of the army; looks around.]

JED. Looks like a peddler's cart had busted and spilt the hul load. Books! (picks up one.) 'Dodridge's rise and progress of Christianity' guess some of these soldier fellers's studying for the ministry! (picks up another.) 'Baxter's call to the unconverted!' I'll be smashed if they aint tryin' to git up a protracted meeting amongst the bushwhackers (Picks up another.) 'Baxter's St's Rest,' 'Watt's Hymns,' 'Peperidges Plans of Salvation!' [Before he gets entirely through, enters from left rear entrance, bushwhacker, who aims his gun at Jed and says:]

BUSH. Hold on there old swallowtail! I've got the drop on you!

JED. [Looking up takes in the situation] Drop right along then, why don't you, and not stand there grinning, you lubberly Yank!

BUSH. I aint no Yank!

YANK. You aint, eh! You can't fool this 'ere hoss with none o' yer chaff. Come be lively and help pile up these books and things, d'ye know a feller what's runnin' the whole Confederate army named Bragg. Well, I'm his chief adviser in religious matters, and he's sent me over here among you uns, to start a meetin' house and prayer meetin' subscription. [Keeps pilin' up things.] You see the pious brethern and sistern of southern Indiana are laborin' hard to convert the hul world and particular the people in these here parts. D'ye know ole man Baxter?

BUSH. Never knew but one Baxter and he kept a nigger market down on the Mississippi.

YANK. Bought and sold black and white too, eh?

BUSH. Yes, and yallar, anything cum along.

YANK. Ever know him to sell any white children?

BUSH. Yes, one or two.

YANK. Come, this'll never do; haint got much time; Bragg expects me right off. D'ye know yer ole Baxter's bin converted and jined the salvation army, and gone to making plans of salvation, (books all here) all for the good of your souls down here; made the road easy to the pearly gates, straight track, all gravelled, gate wide open; free line of busses runnin' every five minutes, through line, close connections. Come fly round. [Bush sets his gun against a tree; Yank keeps working round towards it.]

YANK. There's a nice pair of blankets and boots too, you can have them both. [Bush goes over for blankets; Yank makes a spring and grabs gun, at same time pulling an old horse-pistol out of a pocket in his blouse.]

BUSH. What're you doin' with my gun?

YANK. Oh, nothin', only keepin' on the safe side. You keep pilin' up yer plans of salvation. I've got a double rib-sided revolver here, shutes seventeen times a second and more to cum, and if you don't keep quiet I'll blow your hair all over the bushes there. Give my compliments to Gen. Bragg and tell him I advise him to study these plans for his campaign in Kentucky. You can come back and git these things, but just now I want you to make a bee line fur the rear. [Aims at him.] Come, git, canter, and don't you stop running as long as your butter-nut britches'll hold together.

YANK. I'll be blowed if Samantha want about right. That was a close call for Jed. Johnson. This old Revolutionary pocket piece, haint been loaded for more'n 40 year. But Jed. Johnson had better git too!" (goes off the stage running.)

ACT II. SCENE IV.

[Picket line near Nashville. Sergeant Calmer, Co. C. 100th, marches across the stage with detail for the picket, tells off the reliefs, places one sentinel on back of stage facing outward. All off stage except Harry Clayton, and Gerald Hamilton, who are not on duty, and sentinel.]

HARRY. Gerald, do you know that Miss Geraldine Singleton bears a wonderful resemblance to your family?

GERALD. Yes, but I hardly dare echo the thought, which of all things I should most desire; that she not only be like us, but of us.

HARRY. Yes, but Jed says he has traced little Lillian to this vicinity, and he knows for a certainty that she is not far from here now. The last time I saw her it was arranged that each of us should write something by way of describing some scene in both north and south with which each was familiar. I can but feel that Geraldine and Beatrice Singleton are not sisters. They are both very lovely and rarely gifted, but there is no resemblance in feature.

GER. God send our weary search ends here, but Harry, for the love of heaven do not even hint at such a possibility. There may be no truth in our suspicions.

HARRY. Trust me Gerald! [Enter Dusky, running.]

DUSKY. I'se nearly done gone for breff!

GENTS. Why Dusky, what are you running so for?

DUSKY. Why you see my young Mistesses hez bin tryin to get shet ob dat Marse Donald Grovenor, so da could hab you boff com up dar, but he sticks tighter nor a burr to a sheep's back.

GENTS. Well, Dusky.

DUSKY. Den I tell Miss Gerry dat if she gib me lebe, I start him mighty quick. Den I go back ob de house, and untie his big chestnut race-horse, light a piece ob punk and put under de saddle, and gib him de whip, and away he go right into de Union lines like Old Scratch was after him. Den I go into de parlor and tell Marse Donald dat his hoss had runned away clean into de lines ob de Yankee army, and now he's lookin for de hoss, and de ladies send dere condements to de gemmen, and ax dem

to come up to de house. [Gentlemen go out, when Dusky dances around the stage once or twice, then comes to the front.]

DUSKY. I done tell me something that's mighty queer! I just biebe Missy Gerry done got cocht at last. I just biebe she's in lub. Yes, boff of em, Missy Beatrice too. Dat Donald Grovenor's bin hangin roun, but, Lor! Missy Gerry don't care shucks for him long side Marse' Harry Clayton. Missy Gerry and Marse Harry sit down to read in de garden and don't say nuffin. Bimeby Marse Harry he look up, den Missy Gerry she look down. Den Missy Gerry she look up; den Marse Harry he look down; den da both look up right straight into Glory. Den Missy Gerry look red like a rose and white like a lily, and go lookin fur her book when she done got it in her han. Den Marse Harry he git up and bow like de quality; don't say nuffin, but go right off to de picket line. Den Missy Gerry go to de window and look after Marse Harry and she don't say nuffin. Dat's lub and nuffin else.

ACT II. SCENE V.

[Place, Gen. Singleton's house. Enter from opposite sides Clayton and Geraldine. They bow to each other; Harry advances, and says:]

HARRY. I am very happy to meet you again, Miss Singleton. The last time we met I promised to describe some of our northern scenes, in verse or otherwise; would you like to read them?

GER. Nay, I am the better listener. If you read them I shall feel grateful.

HARRY. I do not pretend to vouch for their worth, but such as they are I will read.

The summer in the North has its flowers,
 The musical rustling of its tremulous leaves,
 The glad voice of waters,
 Insect noises and voice of herds, a multitudinous choir;
 But, in the winter, we have a line of fire
 Cresting the curling drift, where the west wind has played
 the architect.
 The sparkling hue that marks the graceful curve,
 The thousand varied hues; the thousand gleams of emerald
 and gold, and pearly white
 Outvie the splendors of the Orient mine.
 The glare ice clinging to the ragged bark;
 And ever and anon the icicle hangs like a jewel.

The pendulous ice makes magical melody.
Sounds innumerable, yet blended, rise in winter hymns, and
 ever go upward to the sky.
Far-off voices seem to approach.
Seen through the winter noon the crested hills which show
 in summer wintry, dim,
Come a'neer; and circling closer round the horizon, lessens,
 while the blue o'erhead grows deep and deeper, till
 the soul is lost in gazing into the unfathomable.

This, Miss Singleton, is our winter as seen in the frozen North.

GER. It is a very beautiful, and no doubt truthful description, and I really would draw back from describing anything myself, were it not too late, I assure you. We have in the south a flower, the leaves of which are always green, and as it continually blooms, it is said to carry inspiration with its perfume.

Fresh are its leaves and fair its flowers;
Soft winds breathe o'er it; balm dropping showers
Nourish its beauty, peerless and bright,
And all gaze upon it with unchecked delight.
We have written a tale on its trembling leaves,
And the whispering wind that at evening grieves,
Hath learned it, and over the flowers
All dripping with tears from the morning showers,
We have thrown the spell of love's witchery,
By the might and the power of sweet poesy;
And so, in the midst, by tree, shade and bower,

It standeth unrivalled, this evergreen flower. (gives him a flower.)

HARRY. I thank you very much for the gift, but more especially for its significance. As you say, its fragrance bears an inspiration. If you would permit it I would like to exchange our literary productions.

GER. Most certainly; I shall value yours very highly.

HARRY. Miss Singleton, will you pardon me, please, but as we are expecting to move in a few days at most, from the very nature of our duties, it is quite possible that those in whom we have a mutual interest may meet in the tempest of battle.

GER. Oh, heaven forbid! Must it be! Is there no other way, Harry? Oh, please forgive me! I am covered with con-

fusion. Mr. Clayton, I—I was nearly beside myself with grief at such information.

HARRY. Nay, Miss Singleton, I would far rather you would break through conventionalism, and call me simply Harry than anything else, provided you be equally generous to me, and authorize me to call you *only* Geraldine.

GER. I could scarcely do otherwise, inasmuch as it was I who blindly took the initiative.

HARRY. I must say goodbye now, hoping to meet again before the forward movement.

GER. Good-bye Mr.— (offering hand)

HARRY. Nay!

GER. Good-bye, Harry.

HARRY. Good-bye, Geraldine. [After a moment or so enter Grovenor.]

GROV. Ah, Miss Geraldine, I was looking for you; can you give me an audience of a few moments.

GER. Certainly; as well now as at any time.

GROV. I hope I have earned the right, from long acquaintance with your father, and the friendship which has always existed between the families, to offer you and your sister my protection in the emergency which is about to occur. Gen. Rosecrans is soon to make a forward movement against the Confederate army, now concentrated in the vicinity of Murfreesboro, or Stone River. Your father will be there, he having been made a general of division. So you and your sister will have only servants to protect you.

GER. In case the army moves forward, which I hope may not be the fact, my sister and myself will take trusty servants and go to our own plantations near Murfreesboro. I wish to be near in case of my father needing my assistance. I do not think, Mr. Grovenor, we shall need other protection. Should there be a battle, we shall wait until it is decided one way or the other, when we shall push forward. We shall have no trouble about an escort, in the event of success to either army.

GROV. Geraldine, I love you! I have always done so. I would make you my wife; you will then have some one who not only has the right, but the power to protect you and your sister.

GER. Ah, Mr. Grovenor! do not say it. It can never be. I respect, but I cannot love you.

GROV. (beseechingly.) Gerry, can you not unsay those words? Give me one ray of hope.

GER. No, Mr. Grovenor. You surely would not wish me to marry, if I could not love you.

GROV. If a life of devotion could win it, I would promise!

GER. It can never be. I cannot give my hand, without my heart.

GROV. Geraldine, you dont know what is in store for you. Had I loved you less I would have told you before.

GER. Tell me now! Whatever it is I have long felt that some mystery hangs over me. The time has come to know it.

GROV. Heaven knows, I do not wish to give you pain.

GER. Tell me! tell me!

GROV. Geraldine, did you ever think you were not Gen. Singleton's daughter?

GER. Yes, I have thought so. Do you know who I am?

GROV. *You are a slave!* (Geraldine springs to her feet.)

GER. It is false! false! false as the Al Koran is false! A wicked lie. I, nursed in the lap of luxury, petted, educated and beloved by Gen. Singleton, a slave! I will not believe it! Never, never! If you knew, why did you not tell me? Had you loved me as you say, you would have done so!

GROV. It was because I did love you that I did not tell you.

GER. Cruel, cruel! inhuman! It is not true! I will not believe it! My father will deny it! I will not be a slave! I am a Singleton!

GROV. Will you be my wife, Gerry? I have already made my will, giving you everything I possess. Here it is. Gen. Singleton will manumit you. He bought you of one Baxter on the Mississippi. I have seen the bill of sale!

GER. [Raising her arms.] The blood of contamination in these veins! Still, I will not believe it! I see my mother in my dreams a beautiful golden-haired woman. She, a slave! *Never! NEVER!!! NEVER!!!*

GROV. Will you give me my answer? Whichever way it is my will shall never be changed. If yes, I shall be very happy. If no, I go tomorrow to the van of the battle, there to find the rest I so eagerly sought at Chepultepec, Molino, Del Rey and Vera Cruz.

GER. Have you, too, been unhappy in the past? Why? Tell me!

BURYING THE HATCHET, OR

GROV. Not now, Gerry. Will you give me my answer?

GER. No, not now; wait—Heaven help me! To-morrow, not now.

GROV. Good night then, until to-morrow. (Passes out on left side. Enter Dusky on right.)

GER. Dusky, do you know where my father is?

DUSKY. Yes, Missy; he's habin a scussion wid dem plantation niggers in de back yard.

GER. Tell him I would very much like to see him as soon as possible!

DUSKY. Yes, Missy. [Geraldine walks back and forth wringing her hands. Enter Gen. Singleton in citizen's dress.]

GER. Papa! Gen. Singleton, am I a slave? (Singleton starts back.)

SINGLETON. Gerry, who has been talking this nonsense?

GER. Is it true? Donald Grovenor says you bought me; he has seen the bill of sale.

MR. S. What occasion had he for telling you this?

GER. He asked me to be his wife; I told him I could not love him. He said he loved me just the same. But papa, it can never be; is it true; did you buy me?

MR. S. (Stopping in thought) Yes, Gerry, I bought you, but I never believed you had other than Caucasian blood.

GER. Cruel! cruel! why did you not send me onto the plantation to pick cotton? Why educate a *slave*?

MR. S. Gerry, I have'nt a moment more to spare. Tomorrow I assume the Confederate uniform, and cannot be seen here again. We shall probably be successful in the coming battle. Remain either here, or after the fight go to the Murfreesboro plantation. You will hear from me through the servants. Everything will be made right, Gerry. You are just the same to us you ever have been. Good-bye my darling child. (goes out.)

GER. (Holding handkerchief to eyes) Now may heaven help me! [Enter Dusky.]

DUSKY. Hush, Missy! nobody roun is da?

GER. Why?

DUSKY. Marse Harry Clayton's stannin outen de do' and want to speak to Missy. It's gwine to wotch so nobody come. Marse Singleton's gone and Marse Grovenor too.

GER. Ask him to come in! [Enter Harry who notices Geraldine has been weeping.]

HARRY. I hope Geraldine, I am not unwelcome. I fear I came inopportunately, as I see tears in your eyes still.

GER. I have just been bidding good-bye to my father. You are very welcome, Mr. Clayton—please let me call you so to-day.

HARRY. I wished to read you a little poem which I had written for a friend, who was about to marry a beautiful lady, also an acquaintance. I would I could hope the sentiment would be acceptable to you.

GER. I would be much pleased to hear you read it.

HAR. A young white rose-tree was growing,
Just unfolding its leaves to the sun,
Its stainless petals showing,
And the summer had just begun
To kiss the sparkling dew that lay
On the white leaves at the opening day.

And *one* loved the rose-tree passing well,
Its innocent grace beholding,
In its unfolding leaves there lurked a spell;
So he watched for its unfolding;
And was fain to transplant the lovely tree,
His own blossoming rose to be.

And its pale pure leaves kept blossoming on
With the sun and the rain and the dew,
And it blossomed, and it blossomed for him alone;
So he took it from where it grew.
And the white rose was as it loved to be,
His own blossoming white rose-tree.

GER. Oh, it is very beautiful! The lady will certainly prize it; but its privileges could never be mine.

HAR. Nay! Here then is another: [reads.]

Within a bud's rough husk there lay
A flow'ret rare, and watch and ward securely kept,
Concealed it there.

A south'rn wind the watch beguiled,
The flow'ret burst its bonds and smiled.

But fleeting was the flow'rets bloom,
As morning dew;
The north wind, with it's cloud and gloom,
Swept o'er it too;

And watch and ward no more were kept,

The flow'ret bowed its head and wept.

GER. Ah, Mr. Clayton! My own doom. Dark prophecy! The north wind with its cloud and gloom, like the mantle of night, has swept away every hope, and covered my soul with clouds of despair.

HAR. I wish you would accept the sentiment of the first piece as my own.

GER. Oh, Harry, I am not worthy!

HAR. I should hardly suppose you to be one who would let an imaginary gloom cover your soul. Did you not give me this flower, and did you not tell me that by the might and the power of sweet poesy, you had cast about it the charm of love's witchery?

GER. Yes, yes, but that was before the north wind came; ere that, every cloud had a silver lining, every thought echoed a joy; now, every thought only sends a spasm of despair. No, no, the gulf is impassable!

HAR. Yet, notwithstanding, I would span it, and cover the bridge with a trimway of roses; I do not fear the gulf; if you only bid me cross, I will plunge in, baffle every treacherous mad current, pass through the yielding quicksands, escape the whirling eddies, and safely greet you on the shore. I fear no gloom nor shadow, Geraldine!

GER. Oh Harry! Do not make the abyss which must separate us wider. Do not add to its impossibilities; I have said it is impassable, and the more you talk to me in this strain, the more certain appear the impossibilities.

HAR. Geraldine, the poet has said: "The eye is the window of the soul." I have looked through this window into the inner temple; I have lifted the rich clusters of gems in this paradise; I have kissed the rim of the chalice bubbling over with sparkling waters from the hidden spring, and I will not let it pass my lips, except with life. [Extends his hand and takes hers.] Geraldine you need me!

GER. [Impulsively] Yes, yes! [starting back] No, no, no! I'll tear up the bridge, and with bleeding hands pile in the ragged rocks until the eddies are whirling maelstroms. I'll dig down the banks, and make the chasm wider, wider, wider still; until even your daring courage cannot surmount it. It cannot be; I am not worthy; I am a—a—! I cannot utter the word!

HAR. I can die, Geraldine; Life is of little worth without an object. I have but a single beacon light, and if on the field of to-morrow, Harry Clayton falls, but one name shall pass his lips and that shall be Geraldine.

GER. And, if the soul of Harry Clayton, freed from its earthly tenement, shall seek in sympathy that of Geraldine Singleton, it will not be long of earth but swifter than the wings of thought will cleave the azure and join it in the vaulted arches of Heaven's high dome!

HAR. Geraldine, can you not give way to the entreaty of a heart that has been entirely won by your ennobling virtues, your graces of character, and your pure sweet constancy and devotion; will you not yield something to him whose constant prayer is still one of beseeching? I, who ask, have neither father, mother, brother nor sister; I want some heart with which my own is tune in unison. None other can supply the vacancy; your hand has swept every string and no other may hope to strike a chord that will vibrate in harmony with it.

GER. Oh, Harry! Cease, cease! Do not flood my heart with a limitless joy it cannot realize. I have in vain lashed it with a whip of scorpions until it is all lacerated and bleeding; I have pursued and made it a prisoner, but it has burst lock and bar and is ever prostrate before yours seeking for sympathy, and then kneeling in protestation before my pride and honor, asking, begging, beseeching it, with an earnestness equal to your own to yield, to give way; but the mate of the gifted, generous and noble Harry Clayton, must be an eaglet which shall fly abreast with him, and no living mortal from any altitude to which their loftiest flight may attain shall *look down on Geraldine Singleton*.

HAR. Take this picture; guard it well. Farewell! Geraldine.

GER. Farewell! Harry; my Harry; though an abyss separate us [Curtain falls.]

ACT II. Scene VI.

[Enter bushwhacker, Bart Hawkins, followed by Jed, who says:]

JED. Hold on there, butternut Johnny! Stop right where you are. I've got the drop on you this time and I'll drop you too, if I shute!

BUSH. What d'ye want er me this time Yank? Any more "Plans uv salvation" fur Bragg to pattern after?

JED. Not jest now. I want to ax you a few questions, and if you answer correct I'll give you a ten dollar greenback, or a thousand in Confederate scrip, I don't keer which. If that don't fetch you, I'll take you to camp and hev you shot for a spy.

BUSH. Go ahead!

JED. Now I want you to understand that I've bin on your track quite a spell. (Jest lay that gun down.) Now, you helped to steal a white child on the bunk of the Ohio, eighteen years ago — Gerald Hamilton's little daughter. Now who was the feller that stole her? Oat with it, "pine blank."

BUSH. Hev. I got in?

JED. Yes, straight grained.

BUSH. Donald Grovenor.

JED. Correct; now where's the gal?

BUSH. Don't know.

JED. None o' that; no sailin' roun; square toed!

BUSH. Donald Grovenor knows, and he's up to the Singleton plantation now; should'nt wonder if she was thar, too.

JED. Are you sure Geraldine Singleton is not the girl?

BUSH. She mout be, and I reckon she is.

JED. That'll dew; which will you take, Confed scrip or Uncle Sam?

BUSH. I guess I'll take the ten dollar greenback.

JED. All right; now you can travel.

ACT III. Scene 1.

[Wood scene. Discovers tooth drawn up in line at shoulder arms.

COL. B. Order arms! Parade rest!

COL. B. Harry Clayton and Gerald Hamilton, you may turn over your accoutrements to your orderly sergeant, Co. C., and return to your places. (done.) Here, Mr. Clayton, is your discharge from the enlisted service of the United States. Here, Mr. Hamilton is yours. Now I have the honor to present you with commissions from his excellency, Gov. Yates. Major Clayton, here is yours; Lieut. Hamilton, here is yours, and I am glad to be able to say into no more worthy hands could I give them. You will at once report to Gen. Wood, for staff duty in the coming battle. Boys, three cheers for Maj. Clayton and Lieut. Hamilton. (Boys give with a will.)

ACT III. Scene II.

[Discovers Geraldine looking at the picture given by Harry Clayton.]

GER. The beautiful lady of my vision. Who is she? Is she my mother, and *I a slave*? I am growing wild with this mystery. Must I, who have just taken a look into paradise, be plunged in a moment into the abyss of despair? I, who had mounted to the highest pinnacle of earthly bliss, be dragged down by an agony of doubt and uncertainty. It is sweet to be beloved by one so noble and so generous. It was to me as were the "Dews of Hemon and honey of Hybla" to the wanderers of the desert. No! No! a thousand times no! I will not drag him down to my level. Harry, Clayton, the refined gentleman, the collegiate, mate with a slave! I'd starve for love first! Nay; if I am a slave or ever have been, I would not wed him, though he begged me in tears on his bended knees. If he were less noble; if I loved him less, it might be different. Ah heaven! Is it not enough to be a slave, but I must be beloved by him and then make my heart a bleak, blank desert for want of that love? God pity me! (Sinks on the sofa.)

[Enter Dusky, kneeling beside the couch.]

DUSKY. Missy Gerry! Missy Gerry! Oh Missy, speak to poor Dusky! Dusky die for Missy Gerry! (Rises and comes to front.)

DUSKY. Missy tink she's a slave. Dere aint no slave blood in her. Nobody nebber heard tell ob a slave habbin' blue eyes and pinky finger-nails, and hans and hair like Missy Gerry. Oh glory! [dances round the stage.] I done forgot! [running to the couch] Missy Gerry! Missy Gerry! [Geraldine raises her head.]

GER. Oh Dusky, how good you are!

DUSKY. Does Missy tink she's a slave!

GER. Why, Dusky?

DUSKY. Kase you aint.

GER. Did any one tell you I was!

DUSKY. No, you said so your own sef; but Uncle Jed says he knows who you is.

GER. Who is Uncle Jed?

DUSKY. Why, he's Uncle Jed; dat's all I knows. Marse Harry calls him so, an I calls him so. He's comin to see you to-night. I guess dat's him now. [Enter Jed.]

DUSKY. Missy Gerry, dis gemplin am Uncle Jed.

GER. How do you do Uncle Jed. [Gives chair.]

JED. Wal, pritty well as common; thank you; how du yu du? I suppose I'm talkin to Miss Geraldine Singleton?

GER. Yes sir, that is my name.

JED. Wal, my name is Jedadiah Johnson, at your sarvice. Geraldine, I'm yer cuzzin, leastwase I'm yer muther's cuzzin, and she's sent me down here from the north to look you up, and I've just finished the job. [Gerry gets up and comes over to his side.] Harry told me he'd gi'n you your mother's picter.

GER. My mother's picture! Tell me, tell me! Was she a slave! [Excitedly.]

JED. Slave! Thunder, no! No more'n I am, or Harry, or Gerald. Why, Geraldine, you're Gerald Hamilton's sister.

GER. Gerald Hamilton's sister! Dear, dear cousin Jed!

JED. Gosh! this thing is getting serious.

GER. Dear cousin, are you sure?

JED. Sure as shutin!

GER. Heaven bless you forever! Gerald Hamilton's sister! I believe it; and he looks like the picture. Oh, oh, oh! Does joy ever kill? Oh! my poor heart, it will burst with this supreme happiness!

JED. [Using his red cotton handkerchief.] No, it wont; just keep steady now. [Aside.] Darn the luck, I'm a blubberin'. Hell! somebody's comin'. [Enter Grovenor. Jed cocks a revolver.]

JED. That's the very feller I want to see.

GER. Mr. Grovenor, Mr. Johnson.

JED. How de du!

GROV. How do you do, sir! Hadn't you better put that revolver down?

JED. These are ticklish times, Mr. Grovenor, and as I've got a little bizness with you of an ensartain karacter, I guess I'll hold it level; I've been on your track sumtime, and now that you are cornered you might as well tell this lady who she is. I've told her and all I want of you is to corroborate what I've said. Isn't her name Lillian Hamilton?

GROV. One more act; the shifting of a single scene, the blood red field of tomorrow, and the drama of life for Donald Grovenor ends, and his spirit plunges into the doubt of the great hereafter. [To Geraldine.]

GROV. Yes, Geraldine ; I will tell you the story. To-morrow I go to the front. Your true name is Lillian Hamilton. Here are the title deeds of which I spoke yesterday.

GER. Keep them, Mr. Grovenor ; I am too happy now to need them.

GROV. You keep them, Lillian, though it does not matter as they are recorded. Grovenor Villa and all that belongs to it are yours. I have no need of them Lillian. I loved your mother as I now love you. I stole you from your mother that I might win happiness. I did not succeed. The sacrifice to your mother was great, but it will be made up to her, by the greater joy of reunion. God bless you ! Don't think too hardly of him who, I hope, falls in the van of to-morrow's battle.

GER. Mr. Grovenor ! Donald ! Before you go take with you the forgiveness of Geraldine Singleton. I, who know too well what it is to suffer, would pour a healing balm upon any wound your heart may have received. So, take my cheerful forgiveness for any wrong you may have done me. Here is my hand at parting, in earnest of it.

GROV. God bless you forever ! I will wear and keep the sweet assurance within my heart, and when I pass the portals of another world, I will present it as my passport to immortality. Farewell, Geraldine or Lillian ! [Takes her hand which he kisses, she weeping.]

ACT III. SCENE III.

BATTLE STONE RIVER. [Battle opens upon south side stage and behind the scenes. Noise heard of tramping and occasional shots. Gen. Sheridan with straggling soldiery, fall back across stage fighting. Gen. Rosecrans who enters with staff at rear right entrance, orders Gen. Rosseau to the rescue.]

GEN. R. (To staff officer.) Order Gen. Rosseau to support Gen. Sheridan with his entire command. [Rosseau goes in, and at head of his command falls back across stage fighting, followed by Gen. Singleton's command, headed by Donald Grovenor (confederate). Maj. Clayton commands a detachment of the Third Kentucky, which advances against Grovenor. Clayton and Grovenor fight with swords. Grovenor's sword falls from his hand. (Boys on our side cheer.) Grovenor's supports fall back. He fires the last shot from his revolver, snatches a musket from beside a dead man, seizes it by the barrel, raises it above his head, and shouts]

GROV. *Come on! I defy you! Cowards, I dare you to fire!*
 [Third Kentucky color sergeant waves flag.]

GROV. Yes, Sergeant, let the grand old flag float out on the breeze while there's room; for ere another dawn its folds may be riddled, torn and crimson, with the life blood of him whose hand now grasps it so readily. I too have carried a like starry banner, through a sea of blood, over rock, abatis, through the moat, and when its staff was shot away, wrapped it like a "vest about me;" then up, up the steep sides of the hills, where only the mountain goat could climb, I carried it safely to the ramparts of Chapultepec. Lame, has only a canker worm for the the heart of "Donald the Desperate."

MAJ. CLAY. We war not on individuals, but on armed combinations.

Grovenor drops his gun, folds his arms and looks down, sees a dead boy musician at his feet. Kneels beside him and says]

GROV. My poor boy! The Reaper has gathered in your young life as some precious morsel, but for Donald Grovenor he will not even thrust forth his sickle. [Takes up the boy and carries him out. As he goes out on left, Gen. Rosecans and staff come upon the stage from right.

GEN. R. (To his chief of staff) No farther retreat will be made. Here we will meet the enemy and defeat him. Order Gen. Crittenden to mass his forces on the left of Gen. Thomas. Our artillery is already massed and in position. Tell him to order Gen. Wood to this position to support the batteries.

[Gen. R. and staff pass out on right. Enter on left side Gen. Singleton and staff, with Donald Grovenor carrying field glass.]

GEN. S. Grovenor, look forth and see if you can tell us aught of the battle.

[Grovenor stepping to the front right entrance says after a moment]

GROV. Sheridan and Rosseau have made a stand and are fighting like demons to hold their own against our victorious troops. Crittenden is moving solid bodies of men on the right of Thomas. A brigade in line of battle is moving in this direction. Ha! Sheridan and Rosseau are gaining ground and enveloping our flank. The whole tide of battle is surging this direction. (Steps down, drawing his sword.) Let it come! It shall be welcome to Donald Grovenor.

GEN. S. Every man to his post. [All pass out on left. As

they pass out, the commands of the One Hundredth are heard behind the scenes.

COL. BART. Forward One Hundredth. Steady men! Come up on the right! Capt. Bowen. Elwood, push your men forward! Steady, Capt. McClaughry. Let every man do his duty.

CAPT. BURREL. Give 'em cold lead, boys, and plenty of it. [The clash of sabres is heard everywhere, everyone giving them in concert. From the front right entrance Gen. Rosecrans advances upon the stage and as the One Hundredth in line of battle cross the stage, says to Col. Bartleson.]

GEN. R. Col. Bartleson, to you and the brave officers and soldiers under you, I give the honorable and desperate trust of holding the *vital point*—the key to the battle.

COL. B. Which we will do, or die trying. Forward One Hundredth!

[As the One Hundredth pass over the stage, the fire from the left increases; men and officers fall, as they pass over. After they have passed over Gen. Rosecrans and staff come upon the stage and with them Chaplain Crewes who describes the battle.]

GEN. R. Chaplain, how fares the One Hundredth?

CHAP. Into the valley of death goes the One Hundredth,
Swaying from left to right,
Nerved with a patriot's might,
Move they on. Down, down they go,
Where cannon shot and bursting shells,
Mid bugle notes and southern yells,
And curses loud that none dare tell,
Mingling with patriot shouts as well;
Mark as with God's lightning, the coming battle—
The fearful, terrible, desperate struggle. [Chaplain turns to the left and looks, then shouts:]

On, on to the key! Ye patriot band!

[To Gen. R.] On, on to that goal, heart and hand
Goes the One Hundredth.

[To the front.] Hold the key! hearts of steel;

Though death stare amain, never yield!

Hold! Hold to the right

Brave men; in your might

Tis the key to the battle,

Tis the stronghold to gain,

Which, once held, still retain,

With God on your side in the struggle,
 O God, save the day! [To Gen. R.]
 Mark yon battle array,
 Which sweeps into view on the hill side,
 'Tis the great southern army,
 With line upon line of glistening bayonets;
 On they come like some monster with huge measured tread,
 As if scorning the living nor fearing the dead.
 [To the front] Hold the key, brave One Hundredth!
 Though thy ranks are strewn in gore;
 Hold the key evermore!
 [To Gen. R.] Mark you the danger of this devoted band;
 See! In solid phalanx where they stand,
 Fronting the concentric fire
 Of three ten guns, with vengeance dire,
 Hurling their shot and shell.
 O God! they fall, and rise, and fall again,
 Ploughed through and through with lightning bolts;
 Like leaves in autumn fall they where they stand
 But unwavering still, that Union band,
 Presaging victory won—
 And bravest of all stands Bartleson.
 [To Hazen.] Ho! Hazen! Why stand your cannon silent
 Whilst annihilation waits upon the One Hundredth?
 Grim Death is holding high carnival there!
 What, ho! Hazen! Thomas! Run up your cannon!
 Double shot your guns! Pull the lanyard!
 Open wide the throat of death!
 Let your cannon boom from left to right
 And right to left in quick, encircling fire.
 Lo where the Southrons come,
 In masses deep, covering the field—
 Hardee, Cheatham, McGowan, Cleburne,
 With blood-red banners streaming wide,
 Sweep down the hill.
 Rescue! Defenders of the Union,
 Bravest of the brave;
 Wool, Palmer, VanCleve, Rosseau, Sheridan, ring out the
 charge
 Amidst the blaze of 30,000 muskets;
 Let your hundred cannon boom the signal of victory.

[Bugles heard.] Hark to the bugle charge!
[A heavy volley is fired.]
It comes! The shock! Like a catapult from the Almighty
 it cleaves the shivering air;
It is the tempest crash of battle!
The human death dealing enginery of war.
Rent by the horrible, bursting shell,
Ploughed by round shot and lead as well;
Swept by the circle of withering fire,
Lie in heaps the proud Southrons, who in savage ire,
Swept down on our lines in the morning gray,
In a splendidly glittering sheeny array;
And their savage yells
Give way to groans,
As staggering, bleeding, dying,
They flee the fray
On the field of Stone River
This fatal day.
Glory to the fallen! A patriot's fame
Wreathed with immortelles
Will encircle their names.
Glory to the living,
Who in this terrible fight
Held the key to the right.
Ring out the praise of the One Hundredth Illinois!
Ring out their praise with a glad shout of joy!
But do not forget that neath that gnarled and riven linden tree,
His cloak his only shroud, lies brave Garishee,
God of the suffering! So, as *Thou* didst stay
The sun midway in heaven's arch for Joshua,
So pray I now for night, dark night
Of deepest shade Entomb the dead,
Gather in the wounded living;
Nor North, nor South be barred the benefit;
Open wide thy gates of heaven's mercies,
For twice two thousand souls,
Fresh from freedom's sacrifice,
Will crowd its pathways thither.

ACT III. Scene IV.

[Death of Donald Grovenor. Second day's battle of Stone River. Enter Gen. Singleton, Donald Grovenor and Confederate

troops from left, (firing.) At same time on right a detachment of 100th Ill. under Capt. Barrell and Lieut. Stewart. A second detachment, commanded by Capt. Lynd, comes in from the rear left entrance flanking Gen. S. and Grovenor. They cheer, and cry "Cut them down!" Grovenor falls from a volley in front; soldiers fall on both sides. Enter from rear right hand entrance Maj. Harry Clayton and Lieut. Hamilton. They rush forward, crying: "Hold! For your lives!"

MAJ. C. Brave officers and soldiers of the 100th Illinois, not an hour ago Gen. Singleton gave me my life and liberty. Shall we not now be equally as generous as our brave foe-man? [All cry: 'Yes! Hurrah for Maj. Clayton.' Gen. Singleton and men cry: "Hurrah for the One Hundredth!"]

MAJ. C. Pass on, Gen. Singleton, with your staff! We will care for your wounded.

GEN. S. Maj. Clayton, and Lieut. Hamilton, and officers and soldiers of the 100th Illinois, accept my thanks. The brave Grovenor lies there. If he yet lives, please look after him until the day closes.

MAJ. C. You need have no fears. Yonder is your command. It is our objective point.

GEN. S. God send that you and I meet no more on to-day's bloody field.

MAJ. C. A prayer which my own heart echoes. [Singleton and staff pass out. Maj. Clayton goes over to Grovenor, raises his head, and says:]

MAJ. C. How fares it with you, Grovenor?

GROV. Lieut. Hamilton! [Gaspingly. Hamilton steps to his side; kneeling takes hand.]

HAMILTON. What is it, brave Grovenor?

GROV. I—have—wronged—you. Forgive—forgive! I have wronged—your—father. Will—he, too—forgive? Will—they too heed the last prayer of Donald Grovenor and—and—forgive?

HAMILTON. Yes, yes; take it! I will give you my mother's forgiveness. My father will greet you from the other shore. I know forgiveness will be cheerfully awarded you.

GROV. God—bless—you! Clayton—Gerald—Lillian—Gerald—me. [Drops his head; dies.]

[Tableau. Ella Reynolds discovers her childhood's playmate, Harold Singleton, on the battle field, wounded, at night, amongst the dead and wounded; second day's battle. Curtain falls.]

ACT III. Scene V.

[Maj. Clayton's address, at close of the war, to the One Hundredth Ill. Regiment drawn up in line.]

ADDRESS

MAJ. CLAYTON. Officers and soldiers of the One Hundredth Illinois Regiment: It seems proper for one who has in some measure shared your perils, hardships and glorious successes, to say a few words to you at parting. Please bear in mind that no words of mine are adequate to an expression of my feelings upon this occasion. The tongue can say but little, while the heart leaps to a grander, nobler, and more tender significance. Your heritage, since becoming members of the Grand Army of the Union, has been one only of danger; from that it has been as inseparable as from life itself. From Louisville to "Stone River," where the regiment had its first "red limned baptism," your fortitude was constant, heroic and enduring. At the latter place you held (to the Confederates) the *fatal key*, which, had it been turned, would have given the battle to them, and the Union army to route and demoralization. The march to Chickamauga, through mountain fastnesses, dragging your cannon over rocks and through gulches; in enduring courage and heavy exertion, was not exceeded by him who carried the "Eagles of France" over the "Alps and Simplon pass." The frightful carnage of Chickamauga and Mission Ridge left you with decimated ranks, but your record in those desperate battles was star lined with heroic deeds. In your weary and footsore march to Knoxville and Strawberry Plains you exhibited an energy of purpose, which could only have been born of an inspired love of country, to souls filled with the better characteristics of the true, the honorable and the generous. The bold front of Rocky Face Range was surmounted, while at Resaca, Kenesaw Mountain and Atlanta you rushed to the front like veterans of an hundred battles, and at Franklin, Tennessee, you covered yourselves with a renown which will live while the grand object for which you fought shall have an existence. There fell, while planting his colors on the breast-works of the foe, brave Mike Murphy—my friend! When the records of the immortal dead shall be unrolled, the names of Bartleson, Bowen, Mitchell, Burrell, Worthingham, Murphy, McFadden, Poor, Brown, Holmes and hosts of others from the One Hundredth will be found side by side with that of the great emancipator—the immortal Lincoln. I seem to hear from the star gemmed vault of

BURYING THE HATCHET, OR

azure, a voice crying, "Come up higher, higher; higher still, into the immediate presence of the Supreme." And then! "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, my children, have ye done it unto Me; enter thou into the joy of the blest." I wish here to lay a wreath of laurel upon the brow of my old captain, Co. C, George M. Lynd. Starting in as a private, he has attained his present position by a constant devotion. Again and again by his side his colors have fallen only to be grasped by new hands or his own. Brave One Hundredth! God help you! And now to the officers and soldiers present and absent, I offer all I have to give—my hand and heart in true companionship. Farewell! gentlemen of the brave Old Hundredth Illinois! [Lieut. Patterson offers three cheers for Maj. Clayton. Given. Maj. Hammond then offers three cheers for the close of the war.] [Tableau. Reunion of mother and daughter.]

ACT III. Scene VI.

[Reunion of the Hamilton family. Room in Mrs. Hamilton's house, Elgin, Illinois. Samantha Johnson and Ella Reynolds on stage.]

ELLA REYNOLDS. We are expecting all our friends home to-day. Poor Mrs. Hamilton is nearly worn out with excitement and expectancy.

SAM. Yes! Yes! I think they are arrived and coming in. [Enter Hamilton by side entrance, who steps to one side; then enter Geraldine; at same time Mrs. H. comes in from opposite side. Both stop and look a moment, then Mrs. H. stretches out her arms with the cry upon her lips:]

MRS. H. My child! My long lost darling!

GER. My mother! Oh my mother! Kind heaven, I thank Thee! [Curtain falls. Rises again same place.]

HAR. Have I earned the right to call you mother in reality now?

MRS. H. Yes, Harry, my son. I gladly place her hand in yours, knowing already that she has found a heart which she fully trusts, and a protector who will not fail; to you I give her in sacred charge.

GERALD. Is there still room in my mother's heart for another child—[leads Beatrice forward;] a daughter?

MRS. H. O yes, Gerald! Beatrice, my second daughter, heaven bless you forever! I freely and cheerfully give my consent to your betrothal. I hope your lives may be of unalloyed

happiness, that no obstacle may ever arise to mar its entire joy. [Jed steps forward leading Samantha.]

JED. Well, Aunt Lillian, I've left the war-path and come back to the old stomping ground. I'd kinder like to ring in with the rest on em, and git your consent for Samantha and me.

MRS. H. Dear cousin Jed, I rejoice that you have been so fortunate in your choice of a partner. She is a pure, true, noble woman. For your devotion to me and mine, I now present you in addition to the farm, the title of which is recorded in your name, this diamond ring. It has been an heirloom in our family for generations. My blessing goes with it.

JED. Thankee, Aunt Lillian. I hope it'd foller down the line in the Johason family, as it has in that of the Hamilton's, and that the young Johnsons in the third and fourth generations may still keep the sacred name of the giver in their hearts, and as the rainbow tints in the sparkling gem give color to everything they fall upon, so may they be more and more like the giver. Here, Samantha, you keep the critter; I'm afraid I shall lose it.

MRS. H. Children of the North and South, as you are solemnly plighted, so may the entire North and South join heart and hand to bridge the chasm, and thus bury the hatchet forever!

ACT IV. Scene I.

[Garden before Harry Clayton's house near Elgin, Illinois. Enter on stage, Lillian Clayton, daughter of veteran.]

DAUGHTER V. Oh, dear! Oh, dear! I'm almost frightened out of my wits! Frank Reynolds is here; he has stopped on his way to college; he is a real big boy now; he has got a moustache! Just think, its only a little ago when we played "I spy" and hunted hen's eggs, and chased the squirrels together! Gracious me! and now he is going to college! You don't know who Frank is, but I'll tell you. He is the son of Lieut. Singleton, and he was the Lieutenant Singleton who was in the Southern army, and was wounded at the battle of Stone River, and Ella Reynolds found him there amongst the leaves and bushes which were all torn and twisted, and red with—with—with blood. It was awful, was'nt it? Well, he's the son of a Southern veteran, and I'm the daughter of a Northern veteran, and—I think Frank is a real good boy. I'm captain of the flag brigade, and for my part I'd rather fight with flags than with muskets. But its drill time and here comes the brigade, flags and all. Enter twelve young ladies with flags. Amongst

them are Ella Hamilton, Samantha Johnson and Dusky. Daughter goes through with evolutions pertaining to flags drill. Capt. then gives the command.]

CAPT. Inspection of flags! [Samantha Johnson steps out of the ranks and says:]

SAMANTHA. Girls, I think it is about time we put our Capt. through an inspection drill. I'd like to know who that young crank is who's playing sweet at the Clayton mansion.

CAPT. There! Samantha; you're too little to talk about such things!

SAM. I should smile!

CAPT. There! You are talking slang, and I can't permit that; can I girls?

GIRLS. No! No! Of course not!

SAM. Ah! you put on airs because you are the daughter of a veteran. Well, I'm the daughter of a vet. too, so then! [pouts.]

CAPT. Why Samantha! your papa was'n't a soldier!

SAM. Well, he fit on jest as many fields of battle as any of em.

DUSK. An I lows I'm de dauter ob de veteran too; was'n I down dere long side ob Stone River battle. I seed a power ob smoke anyhow, and heerd de big guns roar. So I spees I'm de dauter ob de veterans on dat count.

SAM. Are you going to school, Dusky?

DUSKY. Yes, Missy Johnson!

SAM. What are you studying?

DUSKY. Well da calls it mattumatus; taint no count do; de teacher she ax me dis: If you have five persimmons and you done gib six away, how many will you hab lef? Den I tole her I wouldn't hab any any lef. Den she tole me I mus say, free! I tink dat am a pore kind ob larnin.

ELLA R. Dusky, what is your other name besides Dusky Hamilton?

DUSKY. Udder name? Dat am a poser! I spees I mus hab one long's I'm free and goin to study de books and site de lessons. I like Marse Harry bout de bes ob any one, so I spees I'll be de t'n name. I spees it'll be Miss Dusky Harry.

GIRLS. Oh that's too funny for anything! How do you do Miss Dusky Harry; (bowing and saying) Good morning! (or) Good ev'ning! Miss Dusky Harry! [They then commence waltzing round the stage, Dusky alone, when Jed enters.]

JED. Seems like you young ones was having a glory halliluh-yah break-down! Why Dusky haint you got a partner? I'll give you a whirl; I use to be a screamer at this bizness. [Enter Harry and Mrs. Clayton with Gerald and Mrs. Hamilton. Little Lillian steps to the side of Harry Clayton, who says:]

HAR. The audience will permit me the honor of presenting Mrs. Clayton, *nee* Geraldine Singleton or Lillian Hamilton. Also, Miss Lillian Clayton, daughter of a veteran.

GERALD. It also gives me pleasure to present Mrs. Beatrice Hamilton with Miss Ella Hamilton the second generation.

JED. Wal, good peoples, I guess I may as well address a few affectionate remarks to your familiar understandin tu. Here's "the gal I left behind me", (bringing Samantha forward,) and here's the crap I've harvested. (Bringing little Samantha forward.) Samantha, come forward and show this audience how you've knocked the stuffin out uv Old Daddy Time! She don't look a day older than when we did'n hev but one chair here. Now I don't mind tellin you that one cheer'I hold the hul family. Say! that ar ring that I emancipated to your startled vision when I was round here before, did the jint duty uv holdin Samantha and me reddy fur splicin and splicin the hoe handle reddy fur garden sass. Hev'ing now informed you in a circumlocutionary way uv the events which hev follered on my heels since I made my debut before, I will now make my debut behind—the scenes. [Exit Jed and Samantha elder. Little Samantha takes her place, with flag brigade, who are arranged in two ranks on left of stage.]

CAPT. Front into line! Present flags! Recover flags! (or carry flags!)

MR. CLAYTON. I have the honor to present the flag brigade, of Lockport; they are daughters of veterans. [They make a slight inclination forward, and so stand until the curtain falls.]

ACT IV. Scene II.

[Mr. Clayton's house. Enter on stage Frank Reynolds and Lillian Clayton, daughter veteran.]

FRANK. Lillian, I am going on to college in an hour or so, and I want to say something to you before I go.

LILLIAN. Oh fudge! there's no hurry; the college can get along without you I guess!

FRANK. But I must go, and I want to ask you—

LILLIAN. And I wont listen! so there! I can't! You see

when I joined the "Daughters" I promised mama that I would think more of the indigent women and children of the old vets than anyone else, and she told me about Georgiana Washington and her little hatchet.

FRANK. What about it?

LILLIAN. Why, they gave her an old steel hatchet with the handle broke, and she higgled and haggled all around a cherry tree in the back yard, and because she couldn't get it down they made a fuss about it.

FRANK. Well, what has that got to do with us?

LILLIAN. Why, she couldn't tell a—a—a lie, could she? I think they might have given her a decent hatchet, and then she could have cut it off smack, smooth! And they wouldn't have noticed it. I don't want to tell any stories on account of the indigent widows, and—and the hatchet business, but I'll tell you Frank, you may just kiss me once! [Frank breaking in and taking her hand.]

FRANK. Lilly, you're an angel!

LILLIAN. There! Frank, I knew you wouldn't wait until I got through; Now, wait: I was going to say you might kiss me once to bind the bargain! [Kisses her.] Now Frank, you run away to school; the first bell has rung. [Frank goes towards the door, but Lillian calls:]

LILLIAN. Frank, when you get to college you just remember that I'm here all alone, studying my lessons, and not riding with every boy who shows himself.

FRANK. Never fear, Lilly! I understand, and will heed the warning. [Goes out.]

LILLIAN. I wasn't going to let Frank go back to Boston, and be galivanting around with all the pretty girls there. If he did that I shouldn't have any use for him.

ACT IV. Scene III. (The last.)

[Tableau. Bridal scene. Burying the hatchet. Marriage of Lillian Clayton and Frank Reynolds—joining the son of a Confederate with the daughter of a Union soldier. Southrons on one side in uniform, and Northerners same on the other. Flag brigade on raised platform in background, carrying small flags. Bridal party with clergyman in centre. Gen. Singleton drops the hatchet. Harry Clayton puts foot on spade.]

[Exo.]

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